With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearfull
And dizy tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The Crowes and Choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head:
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like Mice; and yon tall Anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on the vnnumbred idle pebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is ſo hie Ile looke no more
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glo. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Giue me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the Moone
Would I not ieape vpright.
Glo. Let go my hand:
Heere friend's another purſe, in it a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee: go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire, tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty Gods, *He kneels*
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposeleſſe wils,
My ſnuffe and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out: if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe,

Now

Now fellow fare thee well.
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and
rob the treaſury of life, when
he bene where he thought, by
or dead? Ho you ſir, heare yo
indeed, yet he reuiues, what a
Glo. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Hadſt thou bene ough
So many fadome downe preci
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an Eg
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt
Ten Maſts at each make not th
Which thou haſt perpendicul
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet
Glo. But haue I fallen or no
Edg. From the dread ſumm
Looke vp a hight; the ſhrill g
Cannot be ſeene or heard, d
Glo. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd tha
To end it ſelfe by death? Twa
When miſery could beguile th
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme:
Vp, ſo, how feele you your leg
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrang
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe,
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poore vnfortunate be
Edg. As I ſtood heere below
Were two full Moones; a had
Hornes, welkt and waued like
It was ſome fiend, therefore th
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue
Glo. I do remember now, he

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